TH THE PAMBLER

them winter had shorn them of their foliage, and at a glunce one might take them for gigantic, timeworn and stormtorn willows or oaks. In summer the low-hangings foliage of these trees veils their wrinkled and blotched bark and one might pass them by without suspecting their age. But with their green veiling whipped away by the cold winds that sweep the highland where they grow they are bereft of their disguise.

Near the trees are box hedges that have been trimmed low in places, but around the parade where the flag flies from reveille to retreat, where there are four antique brass fieldpieces, a saluting gun and a sundial, you may count more than a dozen giant box trees

saluting gun and a sundial, you may count more than a dozen giant box trees which tell you that they are very old.

These box trees and hedges grew green before the Soldiers' Home was created. What is now the kitchen and lounge of the Anderson building, the pebble-dash broad-porched structure at the vest of Scott Hall, was the dwelling of Edward Blackford, an Englishman, or an Anglo-Amercan, and who in some sere and crumbling papers is described as Sir Edward Blackford. When he bought that property the Rambler does not know, but it was certainly in the early years of the nineteenth century. Edward Blackford became a bookseller in Washington, the village, long before the Rambler and The Star were born. Those box hushes had been growing there before Blackford came to live on the place. Edward Blackford's daughter Elizabeth was married to John Agg, a man who was born at Evesham, England, and died not far from the sassafras trees in April, 1855, at the age of seventy-five years, and whose epitaph you may read within the morning shadow of the west wall of St. Paul's or Rock Creek Church. His wife, who was Elizabeth Blackford, died in 1854

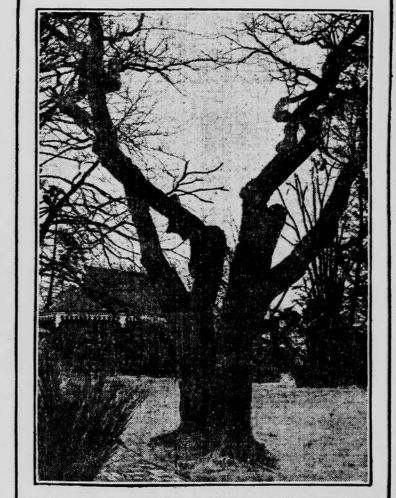




IVY-GROWN STUMP OF LONG-DEAD TREE, UNDER WHICH DANIEL WEBSTER DRANK TODDIES.

The White House is about two miles below Mount Vernon, and on the Virginia shore. It was the old Fairfay ea. tate of Belvoir, and that name has come into print recently in connection with the efforts to locate a penal institution on the property and also in con-nection with a camp of instruction for militia engineer officers. High wooded bluffs rise from the gravelly river shore, and at high tide the river washes the foot of the bluffs. The channel of the river here runs in close to shore. Two of the ancient Fairfax buildings. stood below the northerly end of the bluff on low land that sloped gently down to the river. The top of the bluff was reached by a road from the point near these buildings. The "office build-ing," which was of brick, stood until about five years ago, when it caught fire and was destroyed, a frame cottage-like structure later being erected on its site.

That old brick building on the shore was always kept whitewashed and came to be called the White House. One sees by reference to the reports of



TERRIBLE HARVEST OF WAR AMONG THE RULING CLASS OF KAISER'S





Who is the ideal of the old feudal aristocracy, which is being rapidly wiped out

by the great war.

gruntled, the so-called "revolution" was confined to the extreme radicals. The plot was entirely the work of Maschin and his cilque of military friends. The Servian people were even kept in complete ignorance of it, and later cowed into acquiescence. The plan of the regicides, which was actually carried out, was to fall upon the defenseless king and queen in the dead of night. The officers are known still as "the eighty-three." Fully armed, they murdered a defenseless man and woman in their own bedroom as they were about to retire. They awaited the hour of midnight murder, drinking champagne at the Servian Crown and other openair cafes. It is known that the eighty three officers were under oath to individually run their swords through the bodies of their hapless victims.

The king, with all his faults, died like a man trying to protect the woman head and foot his tomb and were dead of the extreme radicals. The sacred fire of Beheran in a temple chief of the general staff of the German army. Gen. von Falkenhayn is now grappling with the task of finding officers in the ranks to replace the scions of the old German aristocracy who are being rapidly killed off.

So great was the fear of Maschin and the military gang who had organized and carried out the infamy that the scions of the old German aristocracy were deaf even to the cries of the murway kept afame.

So great was the supplied to the craw and is a mecca for thousands of pilgrims every year. The tomb of Tipoloo Sahib, at Seringapatam, is lit by a number of silver lamps which are always kept afame.

UNDER MANY MASTERS

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

Although the peasantry were dis-gruntled, the so-called "revolution" was confined to the extreme radicals. The lot was entirely the work of Maschin and buried in the

dered pair. After the assassination th continued from Fifth Page.)

to be whispered about that the king was ruled absolutely by the beautiful Draga, who was several years his senior. Stories were concocted about her which were eagerly spread abroad. Like poor Marie Antoinette, nothing was too bad for the people to believe about her.

*

Although the peasantry were dis
dered pair. After the assassination the troops were permitted to swarm into the Konak and completely loot it. Months after art treasures could be purchased in Belgrade pawnshops for a song, it is said. For days after the murder the city was en fete.

Col. Maschin's detestation of Draga did not end with her death, He had her hideous corpse dressed in a pink ball dress and displayed to the public view. Alexander's mutilated body was clothed in a plain suit without orders. Both